THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 26, 1804.

Deſcription of the North Boulevards at Paris.

[From Holcroft's Travels.]

TO go through the catalogue of articles would be impoſſible; it is too vaſt. Stalls of dirty books; treſſels with toys; ſellers of cakes and canes; fan-menders, bead-ſtringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and ſhow-booths; fellows diſplaying tricks of legerdemain; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink; orators parotting over twopenny ſyſtems of geology, and the order of the univerſe; teachers of ſecrets that will enable the buyer to cut glaſs under water, etch landſcapes upon egg-ſhells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and duſting it with lamp-black; theſe, intermingled with the diſplay of milliners, linen-drapers, print-ſellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, ſpacious, enlivened, as I have ſaid, with carriages, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens, and hotels, with the gates, or, rather, the triumphal arches of St. Denis and St. Martin, the ſtructure that was the opera-houſe, theſe, I ſay, and thouſands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will form a ſomething that he may imagine to be the Boulevards of Paris.

What has been ſaid is but a partial and barren abſtract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which, at laſt, will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed, many others muſt be added. If contraſted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and induſtrious people; but, compared to the Engliſh, they are great idlers; and, for the claſs of idlers, the Boulevards is one of the principal places of re-

ſort. The conſequence of this is, that numbers of thoſe who make it their trade to amuſe the idle here take their ſtations.

Beginning at la Rue St. Honore, and proceeding toward the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, after paſſing the forlorn columns of la Madelaine, we ſoon arrive at the garden des Capucines. It formerly belonged to a convent, but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleneſs and induſtry. Here paper-hangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradeſmen, have their warehouſes; while, beſide them, are petty tailors, barbers, obſcure coffee-houſes, and billiard-tables, in rooms that ſcarcely admit the light of day. Theſe are in the cloiſters, where the ſecluded uſed to walk; and in the rooms, or, if you pleaſe, the cells they ſo lately inhabited.

In other compartments are ſhow-men, great and ſmall: Robertſon, and his phantaſmagoria; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philoſopher as himſelf, who writes hydraulics, and I know not what other bombaſtic terms over his door, and intermingles the ſpouting of water, and the ſparkling of gunpowder, to the great aſtoniſhment and inſtruction of the Pariſians.

At a ſmall diſtance, in the garden, the panorama of Lyons, and that of Toulon, are or were exhibited; and oppoſite to this, is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horſes to dance almoſt as miraculouſly graceful as Mr. Aſtley himſelf, and employs his faculties with ſcarcely leſs benefit to the public.

Between the two is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by King Solomon and all his court, or, at leaſt, by ſomething no leſs pompous in recital. Will you accept a ſhort extract from a handbill which the prime miniſter of this renowned perſon diſtributes at his door?

"*Punchinello to the Ladies.*

"Here I am, Ladies! After a trip into the country, you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

"Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces;
"The hotel's a hut, unadorn'd by the graces.
"Embelliſh'd and honour'd, our booth we compare
"To the ſeat of the gods, when the ladies are there."

"THE LADIES.—Punchinello is gallant!

"PUNCHINELLO.—Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole univerſe."

From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a perſon of conſequence, and had ſome extraordinary place and apparatus for the diſplay of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty-ſtruck, and

and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comic beyond the power of deſcription, yet almoſt afflicting, to look at and liſten to the man who harangued, and diſtributed theſe bills: he was wretchedneſs perſonified. And then! the paſſing graces! to whom he thus poetically addreſſed himſelf! The ladies that were to embelliſh his booth, and render it the abode of the gods! Well, well; he only ſpoke the language of, and pretended to be no more than the echo of, the univerſe, entire.

Let it not be imagined that this is a ſolitary inſtance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry, of Paris: ſimilar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are ſo numerous, that the difficulty is to ſelect. How does it happen that they ſo often paſs unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes ſhut, or this would be a very inſtructive book.

The Grocer's Complaint againſt his Wife.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IT is an evident fact that complaints are ſo univerſal in this diſcontented age, and frequently ſo trivial, when minutely examined into, that they claim but little attention, and are moſtly treated with indifference. But though people ſo ſlightly regard the misfortunes of their neighbours, every one appears to flatter himſelf that his ſource of miſery has ſomething extraordinary in it, and will obtain that attention and commiſeration which he has too often denied to one in a ſimilar ſituation. Perhaps, Sir, you will deem me guilty of the ſame weakneſs in thus communicating to the world, through the medium of your weekly publication, a ſhort relation of my ſorrows; but the fond hope of a little wholeſome advice, or even a ſympathiſing anſwer from ſome of your correſpondents, inſpires me with ſufficient courage to undertake ſuch a painful taſk.

You muſt know, Sir, that I am a grocer; and from my great induſtry and civility to my cuſtomers, have maintained no ſmall degree of reſpectability in the neighbourhood. Through the indiſcretion of youth, however, I formed an attachment to the tenth daughter of a poor country curate, whoſe unrivalled beauty and romantic behaviour were the chief topics of the day: Having rather a graceful perſon myſelf, and being in a fair way of riſing in the world, my attentions were favourably received, and the match concluded. But ſoon, alas! the honey moon was over, and my eyes open to the deluſions with which love had blinded them; for, ſad to relate, my dear partner poſitively refuſed to attend to the drudgery of the ſhop (as ſhe termed it), and was equally averſe to the cares of the houſe.

From morning till night ſhe was either at her toilet, or deep in the mazes of ſome ridiculous novel, whilſt I in vain intreated her aſſiſtance in weighing a pound of ſugar, or tying up a paper of figs. This, for a long time, was ſuch a cauſe of unutterable grief to me, that I would have gladly reſtored the parſon his *tenth daughter*, for the low conſideration of one of his *tenth pigs*.

Finding, however, that my fate was determined, and that death alone could diſſolve the union, I began to reaſon with myſelf as a philoſopher; and, by time and patience, became totally callous to the miſery of my ſituation. In the courſe of a few years after our marriage we were bleſſed with two fine children, a boy and a girl; and this, alſo, was the occaſion of ſome uneaſineſs, for Mrs. Sugarloaf (ſo we are called) had determined on giving them names which by no means ſuited my ear, much leſs the offspring of a grocer; whilſt I was equally reſolved on a plain John and Betſey. But, like all the ſex, ſhe carried her point at laſt, and to my great mortification, they were named Ferdinand Auguſtus and Laureſtina, names that were ſurely never ordained to precede that ſweet word "Sugarloaf." Such trivial occurrences, though ridiculous in the eye of the world, prove too frequently detrimental to the peace of families, and the comforts of domeſtic endearments. My ſhop at this period occupied my whole attention, ſo that I found it impoſſible to aſſiſt in the education of my children, which Mrs. Sugarloaf undertook with a certain degree of cheerfulneſs that much delighted me. I again cheriſhed the hope of future proſperity and happineſs; and already fancied our children the comfort and ſupport of their aged parents; but this hope alſo proved abortive! for the inſtruction they received from their mother taught them to behold the ſhop with as much contempt as ſhe did, and to look forward to a large fortune which my unceaſing application to buſineſs would undoubtedly amaſs.

The houſe now aſſumed the appearance of a circulating library; novels and romances were ſcattered about in all directions, whilſt all moral and religious publications were appropriated to decorate the book-caſe, or to become the habitation of worms and ſpiders; even the great family Bible itſelf, held in ſuch high eſteem by my grandfather's great grandfather, was ſeldom opened unleſs to ſmooth a ribbon, or for ſome ſuch mercenary purpoſe. It is true, that I once hoped to obtain a comfortable ſettlement for my children, but my wife being anxious to introduce them to a numerous and reſpectable ſet of acquaintance, my houſe was ſo crowded with viſitors, that they conſumed more tea, butter, and ſugar in one day, than I could ſell in two.

When Ferdinand attained the age of eight years, my wife aſſured me it was high time to ſend him to a boarding-ſchool,

but

but I entirely ſet my face againſt it, and reſolved he ſhould ſtand behind the counter. Many and tedious were the altercations we had on this ſubject, but by dint of perſeverance, I for once (wonderful to relate!) came off victorious; ſo Maſter Ferdinand Auguſtus Sugarloaf was doomed to deſcend from his exalted ideas of reading the claſſics to the more humble ſtudy of pounds, ſhillings, and pence.

Mrs. Sugarloaf, being overcome for once in her life, immediately commenced a freſh and more deſperate attack, and aſſured me, that unleſs Laureſtina was immediately ſent to ſome place of repute to finiſh her education, which ſhe had ſo ſucceſsfully begun, ſhe ſhould never again enjoy a moment's eaſe. Thus did ſhe, by day and night, ring ſuch a larum in my ears, that for the ſake of peace I at length conſented to what my mind was particularly averſe. The young lady was accordingly ſent off, to the great gratification of her aſpiring mother, whoſe tongue never reſted whilſt any of the neighbours were ignorant of the circumſtance.

She has now only been at ſchool ſix months, and I have received as many letters from her governeſs, aſſuring me, that my daughter is going the right road to ruin; that her diſpoſition (from her early ſtudy of novels) is of ſuch a romantic turn, that ſhe daily violates all rules of decorum to gratify her ſenſes in the regions of illuſive fancy; that ſcarcely a week elapſes but that ſhe elopes with a footman, or is at night (whilſt all other young ladies are in bed,) found wandering near ſome lonely grove, and talking to the moon: that no contrivance which the governeſs can form to keep her within doors, has any effect; for that ſhe eſcapes from her room frequently in ſuch a hazardous manner that, moſt likely, her neck will one day pay for the deed. After this precious information, I perſuaded my wife to recall her again from her ſtudies, but in vain—I might as well talk to the wind.

Whilſt my daughter is thus tormenting me at a diſtance, my hopeful ſon behaves worſe (if poſſible) at home. He aſſumes the character of an actor, inſomuch, that not a perſon enters the ſhop, for ſo ſmall an article as an ounce of ſnuff, but he immediately addreſſes him in the language of Shakeſpeare. Thus my cuſtomers are really alarmed for their perſonal ſafety; for frequently when he takes a knife to cut a bit of twine or a twiſt of tobacco, he ſo flouriſhes it about and looks ſo wild, as he exclaims,

"Is this a dagger that I ſee before me?"

that the perſon precipitately retires, ſometimes leaving the money without the article, but too often taking the article without leaving the money. By reaſon of ſuch ſtrange behaviour, I have loſt a conſiderable part of my buſineſs, never, I fear, to be

be regained. So mad is the boy, that if no one is in the ſhop he even addreſſes a caniſter or a ſugarloaf, ſometimes in the ſtyle of a deſpairing lover, and at others, as an ambitious hero; in the latter of which caſes, the unfortunate caniſter (or whatever it may chance to be,) is frequently knocked from one end of the ſhop to the other, and the tea ſcattered in all directions: and ſhould I attempt to reſtrain the young vagabond, he very calmly tells me,

" It muſt be ſo: Plato, thou reaſoneſt well."

My wife, in the midſt of all this uproar, appears quite delighted with her boy's abilities, and even beſtows a thouſand encomiums on his wild, inconſiderate behaviour.

This, Mr. Editor, is but a faint deſcription of my misfortune, and really my brain is ſo confuſed by ſuch ſudden and unexpected occurrences, that I am totally at a loſs to diſcover any bar to their continuation. In this forlorn dilemma, I have written this paper, and truſt that the fellow-feeling of yourſelf, or of ſome of your learned correſpondents, will lead you to endeavour to aſſiſt me in reſtoring my family to ſome ſmall degree of rational government. I am perfectly conſcious that this ſhort account of my miſeries may ſerve to amuſe, rather than to obtain the pity of many who peruſe it. But, be that as it may, I am reſolved to try every method in order to form ſome new regulations in my crazy family, and only wait a friendly hint as to the beſt method of beginning ſuch a grand revolution.

I am, Sir,
Your very afflicted ſervant,
SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

Tea-ſtreet, Plymouth-Dock.

MEMOIR *of the late* SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, K. B.

THE reſpectable perſon, of whom we are about to give an account, was born in Scotland, in 1730. Of his education, or of his noble birth, we do not think it neceſſary to make any particular mention; it is enough to ſay, that of the former he had the beſt that could be procured in a country which, in the ſyſtem and practice of public inſtruction, excels all nations of Europe; and that the family of Hamilton has, for centuries, been one of the firſt in Scotland. We muſt however notice, that the branch of the family to which Sir William belonged, was conſiderably reduced in circumſtances at the time of his birth; he himſelf having repeatedly declared to his friends in Naples, that he was condemned to make his way in the world with an illuſtrious name and a thouſand pounds.

He was not, however, doomed to ſpend many years of his youth in ſuch narrow circumſtances; as in 1755, he married a young lady of amiable character and moſt reſpectable connections, with whom he received a fortune of five thouſand pounds a year; a large fortune, when compared with his ſober and philoſophical turn of mind, although of no great conſideration, when contraſted with what might have deſcended to him from his illuſtrious anceſtors.

Whether, after this marriage, Mr. Hamilton filled any place under government at home, we are not informed; as we have neither ſeen his name in the public records of thoſe time, nor ever learned any particulars of this kind from himſelf or his friends.

The active and important part of his life began, indeed, from the moment in which he entered the diplomatic line, and we may conſider it as a circumſtance peculiarly fortunate for the literary world, that he was deſtined to remain, nearly the reſt of his life, in a country truly claſſical, in regard to the fine arts and natural hiſtory;—purſuits for which he had early evinced the greateſt predileſtion.

Mr. Hamilton was appointed ambaſſador to the court of Naples, in 1764; and from that time to the year 1800, in which he was recalled, it may be ſaid, with the ſtricteſt juſtice, that he did much more for the advancement of the fine arts, natural hiſtory, and antiquities, than any individual or corporation in that metropolis; perhaps, alſo, more than the government itſelf. He in ſome meaſure made amends for the notorious and incurable inertneſs of the inhabitants of the country in which he happened to reſide; an inertneſs not detrimental to themſelves alone, in objects open to the induſtry and reſearches of other countries, but to ſociety in general, in thoſe ſingular diſtricts of learning of which they are the excluſive proprietors.

The art of painting, in the firſt place, had been ſo diſregarded, that, except for the labours of two or three individuals of the crude and precipitate ſchool of Solimene, whoſe names are not worth mentioning, people might have fancied that Naples was ſituated in another hemiſphere than her neighbouring cities Rome and Florence.

That polite art which exhibits the moſt ſtriking proofs of the grandeur and magnificence of a metropolis, was ſtill leſs cultivated than her ſiſter art of painting, and ſuch indeed was the general ſtyle of public and private buildings in Naples, that a man of taſte would rather fancy her a city of Spain or Turkey, than of Italy. The national antiquities and bibliographical collections had been ſo neglected, that not one eſtabliſhment of this kind was found in a metropolis ranking third in Europe. The Roman and Grecian antiquities had been no better regarded. Excepting *Capua dives* and its ſurrounding *pulcherrima Campaniæ*

paniæ plagæ, which, as early as the middle of the 17th century had been illuſtrated by the meritorious labours of Pellegrini, not a ſingle attempt had yet been made to reſcue from oblivion the remainder of the claſſical ground in the ſeveral provinces. The Apulian ſhores, ſo juſtly celebrated in the remoteſt antiquity for their lofty and populous cities, had not attracted the leaſt attention. The ſouthern Calabria, that happy ſeat of primitive Greek colonization, was full as much diſregarded. The iſland of Capri remained in the deepeſt obſcurity. Pozzuoli, and the adjacent places, had only popular guides, full of traditions and abſurdities. Pompeii, diſcovered through accident as early as 1750, by ſome peaſants, became not an object of conſideration till 1755, and even from that time to 1764, ſo few hands and ſo little zeal had been employed in its excavations, that no idea could be formed of the extent and topography of the place. And we cannot better cloſe this diſguſting picture than by ſtating, that the unrivalled remains of ancient architecture in Pæſtum, unqueſtionably the fineſt pieces of antiquity in Europe, had remained unnoticed till the middle of the laſt century, when Baron Antonini, a Salernitan nobleman, gave ſome hints of their importance; and even after that period, European literature ſtood indebted to the zeal of foreigners for their hiſtorical and deſcriptive account; as the Parmeſan count of Gazola, general of artillery in Naples, was the firſt, who, in 1755, viſited the place, and cauſed plans of it to be drawn by the architects in his company; and Mr. Soufflot, availing himſelf of the plans of the count, publiſhed them on his return to Paris, where, and at London, all other works on the ſubject were afterwards publiſhed.

Give me, ſays Hume, a country in which aſtronomy is unknown, and public morals neglected, and I ſhall ſoon conclude, that not a ſingle workman can be found in it capable of producing a finiſhed piece of workmanſhip. Admitting this metaphyſical truth, laſting as human nature, our readers may believe, from the preceding ſtatement, that the knowledge of natural hiſtory, was, in the country of which we ſpeak, as low as of antiquities and polite arts. To the diſgrace of this country indeed, it was not before the year 1734, that a hiſtory of Mount Veſuvius had been publiſhed by a gentleman of the name of Sorrentini, whereas Sicily itſelf, ſo early as the year 1669, had produced a ſimilar work on Etna, by Borelli; in the year 1737, a few philoſophical notions reſpecting Veſuvius had been ſtarted by the phyſician Serao; even after ſuch an attempt, no farther attention was paid to that grand object till 1751, when Father della Torre publiſhed another work upon it; the firſt perſon who had the curioſity to obſerve the crater was Mr. Rigade, in the ſervice of the French ambaſſador, in 1749; the extinct volcanoes, and the mephitic ſoil of Pozzuoli and its neighbourhood, were firſt illuſtrated by two foreigners, the Abbe Nollet,

in 1749, and M. de la Condamine in 1755; and the remainder of the Phlegrean fields, through the extenſive province of Campania, had been left entirely unnoticed.

This being in Naples the ſtate of thoſe branches of knowledge, which conſtituted Mr. Hamilton's purſuits, we ſhall give a ſketch of what he performed in each of them. As far as early and intenſe application may be conſidered proofs of a predominant paſſion, it appears that the objects of natural hiſtory chiefly engaged his attention. In a ſhort period from his arrival, he had already collected a vaſt number of articles connected with this ſcience, and had thus formed a valuable cabinet, of which, according to the expreſſion of one of his friends, "he could be himſelf the ableſt demonſtrator."

Between the year 1764, and the middle of 1767, he viſited Veſuvius no leſs than twenty-two times, and had ſo often obſerved the different ſpots around Naples, affected by volcanic eruptions; and it was univerſally remarked by thoſe who had the pleaſure to accompany him in theſe excurſions, that he was the beſt and moſt inſtructive "Cicerone" that could poſſibly be found for ſuch occaſions. He alſo viſited Mount Etna, and the Eolian Iſlands, places which had not been examined with ſuch attention before. The phænomena which their ſurface preſented to his view did not ſatisfy his curioſity; he obſerved the interior parts of the ſoil, and every minute circumſtance that attended the operations of nature: not one of the different ſubſtances which had ever iſſued from theſe volcanoes was left unnoticed. In all his excurſions he was conſtantly accompanied by an artiſt of great merit, Mr. Fabris, who drew plans and delineated ſuch objects as were moſt intereſting and ſtriking.

Theſe obſervations, though ſince reduced to ſyſtematic works, were firſt communicated in partial letters to the Royal Society, from 1766 to 1779; in whoſe tranſactions for the above years, and alſo in the Annual Regiſter, theſe letters are preſerved; the peruſal of which will amply gratify thoſe who are fond of curious incidents and perſonal anecdote relating to the ſubject of this memoir.

The works themſelves were two, viz. Obſervations on Mount Veſuvius, Mount Etna, and other Volcanoes of the Two Sicilies, which appeared in 1772, in 8vo. in London; and the Campi Phlegræi, in two vols. folio, publiſhed at Naples, in 1776. In the former his chief poſition was, "that volcanoes lie dormant for ſeveral years, nay even for centuries."

"When I arrived," ſays he, "at Naples, Veſuvius was quiet, very ſeldom was ſmoke viſible on its top; in the year 1766, it ſeemed to take fire, and has never ſince been three months without either throwing up red hot ſtones, or diſgorging ſtreams of lava; nor has its crater been ever free from ſmoke. At Naples, when a lava appears, and not till then, it is ſtyled an

eruption; whereas I look upon the five nominal eruptions I have been witneſs to, from March, 1766, to May, 1771, as in effect but one continued eruption. It is certain that by conſtant attention to the ſmoke that iſſues from the crater, a very good gueſs may be given as to the degree of fermentation within the volcano. By this alone I foretold the two laſt eruptions; and by another very ſimple obſervation, I pointed out ſome time before the very ſpot from whence the lava has iſſued. When the cone of Veſuvius was covered with ſnow, I remarked a ſpot on which it would not lie."

The Campi Phlegræi were chiefly calculated to exhibit the view of the ſeveral ſpots already deſcribed. The drawings, by Mr. Fabris, were coloured with ſurpriſing art and great force of expreſſion: they repreſented nature with the utmoſt accuracy and truth. Each plate was accompanied by conciſe and perſpicuous explanations in Engliſh and French. In the firſt volume, a large map was alſo exhibited of the gulph of Naples and the country contiguous, which is unrivalled for its beauty and ſplendour. And in the author's letter to Sir John Pringle, dated Naples, May 2, 1776, (which may be conſidered as a dedication of the work to the Royal Society), ſome additional obſervations on the ſubject were communicated, which had not been inſerted either in the partial letters to the late Mr. Maty, or in the octavo edition of them in 1772. In ſhort, the publication was ſo accurate, ſo ſplendid, and ſo magnificent, as to have excited a ſurprize how ſuch an invaluable performance could make its appearance in the ſouth of Italy.

A new phænomenon, however, occurred after this publication, which was too ſtriking not to excite a peculiar attention in our ingenious naturaliſt, and not to engage him in a new work. We allude to the great eruption of Mount Veſuvius, on the 8th of Auguſt, 1779, and to the Supplement to the Campi Phlegræi, to which it gave riſe. As was his cuſtom, Mr. Hamilton had communicated a deſcription of that wonderful event to the Royal Society, which was printed in the firſt part of the Philoſophical Tranſactions for the year 1780. He afterwards, however, as he had done with his former ones, collected theſe obſervations, and formed of them a regular work.

In the year of the great eruption, he publiſhed, in Naples, a fine edition of the above mentioned book, beautifully illuſtrated by coloured prints, from the drawings of the ſame artiſt, Peter Fabris; the drawings and illuminations being likewiſe copied from nature, under his own inſpection.

(To be continued.)

Authentic

Authentic Account of the Death of Lord Camelford.

By the Rev. WILLIAM COCKBURNE.

BEFORE the fatal meeting, I have been told that ſeveral overtures were made to Lord Camelford to produce a reconciliation, but they were rejected with ſome obduracy. The fact was, his Lordſhip had an idea that his antagoniſt was the beſt ſhot in England, and he was therefore extremely fearful leſt his reputation ſhould ſuffer, if he made any conceſſion, however ſlight, to ſuch a perſon.

This was the probable cauſe of the violent language which he is reported to have uſed, and the principal cauſe of the lamented meeting.

After he fell, he is ſaid to have expreſſed on the ſpot, what he afterwards ſtrongly expreſſed to me, that he forgave his antagoniſt; and to the man, who was called by his ſecond to his ſupport, he repeated ſeveral times that he was the ſole aggreſſor.

A meſſenger came to me about eight o'clock on Wedneſday morning to inform me of the ſad iſſue of the conteſt, and of the ſpot where his Lordſhip was left. After ſending a ſhort account to the marquis of Buckingham, and an expreſs to Lord Grenville (whom I ſuppoſed at Dropmore), with the afflicting news, I haſtened towards the place, and found his lordſhip already carried into Little Holland-houſe by the generous man who owns it. Mr. Knight, the ſurgeon, and Captain Barrie, his lordſhip's moſt intimate friend, were by his bed-ſide, and Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, we cut off his clothes; the wound was examined by the ſurgeons, and immediately pronounced to be mortal.

His lordſhip continued in agonies of pain during the firſt day; towards the evening it pleaſed God to moderate his torture; by the help of laudanum he got ſome ſleep during the night, and awoke in the morning much relieved. His hopes revived conſiderably during the ſecond day, and he converſed with ſome cheerfulneſs. The ſurgeons, however, who were unremitting in their attentions, would never give his friends the ſlighteſt hopes.

He lingered free from acute pain till Saturday evening about half paſt eight, when he expired without a pang.

Thus died Thomas Lord Camelford, in the prime and full vigour of life. He was a man whoſe real character was to the world but little known; his imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues were but ſeldom heard of.

Though too violent to thoſe whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintance he was mild, and affable, and courteous; a ſtern adverſary, but the kindeſt and moſt

generous of friends. Slow and cautious in determining upon any important ſtep, and while deliberating moſt attentive to the advice of others, and eaſily brought over to their opinion; when however his reſolutions were once taken, it was almoſt impoſſible to turn him from his purpoſe.

That warmth of diſpoſition which prompted him ſo unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him alſo to the moſt lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many priſons in this metropolis, from the various receptacles of human miſery, he received unnumbered petitions; and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the deſigning and crafty ſuppliant, but he was more often the reliever of real ſorrow, and the ſoother of unmerited woe. Conſtantly would he make uſe of that influence which rank and fortune gave him with the government, to interfere in behalf of thoſe malefactors whoſe crimes had ſubjected them to puniſhment, but in whoſe caſes appeared circumſtances of alleviation.

Among the many impertinent and ill-natured reports which this tragical event has given riſe to, one of the moſt malevolent was, that Lord Grenville, though in London when the ſad event took place, neither came nor ſent to inquire after his dying relative till the next day. The fact was as follows:

His lordſhip heard, with many others, the firſt current report that Lord Camelford was actually dead; he underſtood likewiſe, at the ſame time, that I had ſent an expreſs to Dropmore with the melancholy news. Alarmed, therefore, leſt the information ſhould be too abruptly given to Lady Grenville, who was in a weak ſtate of health, his lordſhip haſtened in purſuit of my meſſenger to Dropmore, and having there learnt that Lord Camelford was yet alive, he almoſt immediately returned to Little Holland Houſe, where he arrived in the middle of the night, and ſcarcely ever quitted the houſe afterwards, till the moment when he loſt his friend and relative.

Poor Lady Grenville came too, and expreſſed the moſt anxious deſire to ſee her unfortunate and much beloved brother; the ſurgeons, however, thought ſuch a meeting might be attended with fatal conſequences, and her good ſenſe getting the better even of her feelings, ſhe acquieſced in their determination, and returned to Dropmore, not however without manifeſting the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility. On Friday, her ladyſhip came again; but was again prevented from ſeeing her dying brother. Her diſtreſs defies deſcription!

It would evidently be improper to influence the public mind by any communications; I truſt therefore the world will excuſe me, if at preſent I only mention, that before Lord Camelford left his lodgings on Tueſday night, the 6th of March, 1804, he inſerted the following paper in his will. It was written indeed in a moment of perturbation, and is not therefore as elegant and perſpicuous

perſpicuous as his writings uſually were, but it ſtrongly marks, in my opinion, the nobleneſs of his diſpoſition.

"There are many other matters which, at another time, I might be inclined to mention, but I will ſay nothing more at preſent, than that, in the preſent conteſt, I am fully and entirely the aggreſſor, as well in the ſpirit, as in the letter of the word; ſhould I therefore loſe my life in a conteſt of my own ſeeking, I moſt ſolemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatſoever deſcription they may, from inſtituting any vexatious proceedings againſt my antagoniſt; and ſhould, notwithſtanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force againſt him, I deſire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

In the worſt moments of his pain, he cried out, that he ſincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the ſins he had committed. When more at eaſe, he deſired that I would pray by him, and that he might join by ſaying, Amen. This mode of prayer I ſeveral times repeated during the few days it pleaſed God to ſpare him; whenever the laudanum or the pain had not ſo far confuſed him as to render his aſſent equivocal. I have dwelt, perhaps to ſome readers, tediouſly on this ſubject, becauſe I have heard it aſſerted by ſome who would fain ſhelter their own follies under the authority of others, that Lord Camelford, after the moſt ſerious reflection, diſbelieved religion, and doubted a life hereafter. I wiſh with all my ſoul, that the unthinking votaries of diſſipation and infidelity could all have been preſent at the death-bed of this poor man; could have heard his expreſſions of contrition for paſt miſconduct, and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator; could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue: I think it would have made impreſſions on their minds, as it did on mine, not eaſily to be effaced.

Particulars reſpecting the Iſland of Ceylon and its Inhabitants.

[From Captain Robert Percival's Hiſtory of that Place.]

THE renewed oppreſſions of the Dutch was the conſtant ſignal for the renewal of hoſtilities between them and the natives. A long courſe of warfare rendered the Ceyloneſe both brave and dexterous. The Dutch were frequently repulſed, even in cloſe combat: ſeveral of their forts were taken; and whenever they attempted to penetrate into the interior parts of the iſland, they ſeldom failed to loſe large parties of their men in attempting

attempting to force the woods and defiles, or by the ambuſhes with which their vigilant and active enemy every where ſurrounded them. But European diſcipline, and Dutch perſeverance, frequently ſurmounted all theſe difficulties. The king of Candy ſaw thoſe woods, which he looked upon as impenetrable barriers, burſt through; and the Dutch ſoldiers appeared in thoſe valleys, where indeed there were no fortifications, as their native poſſeſſors never ſuppoſed they could have been approached by a foe. The king was twice driven from his capital of Candy, and forced to ſeek for refuge in the mountains of Digliggy, the higheſt and moſt impenetrable in his kingdom. Here, however, he found himſelf ſecure from the purſuit of the enemy, and contented himſelf with ſurpriſing and cutting off their convoys of proviſions and ſtores ſent up from the coaſt, till they ſhould of their own accord abandon his dominions. This, after all their victories, they were conſtantly obliged to do, and with the loſs of a great number of their men.

I have often heard perſons, unacquainted with the interior of Ceylon, expreſs their ſurpriſe that a tract of land in the heart of an iſland, cut off from all external ſupplies, and every where ſurrounded by European ſettlements, ſhould ſo long have remained in the hands of a people neither ſtrong nor warlike, in ſpite of repeated efforts to wreſt it from them. I own that this circumſtance appeared to myſelf very extraordinary, until I had an opportunity of inveſtigating the cauſes on the ſpot. The very appearance of the country, however, made me rather wonder that it ever ſhould have been penetrated by an enemy, than that they were unable to retain poſſeſſion of it. The whole country is high and mountainous; the approaches are ſteep, narrow, and ſcarcely acceſſible, except by perſons on foot. The thick jungles and woods every where obſtruct the view; and they are only penetrable by narrow and intricate paths, known but to the natives themſelves. Beſides the difficulties of clearing a paſſage through ſuch obſtacles, every opportunity is preſented to thoſe who know the country, of deſtroying the aſſailants without being ſeen, or expoſing themſelves to the leaſt hazard; and this is the mode of fighting which the native Ceyloneſe continually practiſe. They know well that they are unable to cope with the diſcipline or bravery of Europeans in the open field; their ſkill in war therefore conſiſts in poſting themſelves in proper poſitions among the buſhes, ſuddenly falling upon the enemy, and then haſtily retreating from one poſition to another, before he has an opportunity of obſerving the courſe they have taken. By this method of warfare, the Dutch ſuffered as much after their victories as before; and their communications with the coaſt, which, from the nature of the country, muſt at any rate have been difficult, was by this mode of warfare rendered almoſt impoſſible, as every convoy would have required an army to defend it.

In addition to these difficulties, arising from the nature of the country, and the manner of fighting practised by the inhabitants, the Dutch troops suffered dreadfully from the effects of the climate, which, in the interior parts, is exceedingly unwholesome to Europeans. The immense woods, which cover the whole face of the country, naturally render the atmosphere moist and damp; and the heavy dews that succeeded the intense heat of the day, which was not refreshed by any sea breezes, overpowered the constitution even of those who had for years been settled on the coast. The only method by which the Dutch could have obviated the disasters arising from the climate, would have been the employment of native troops, as we do the sepoys in India; but this measure their own misconduct had rendered impossible. The Ceylonese of the inland parts, like all the other inhabitants of mountainous countries, are exceedingly attached to their native land, and have a proportionable antipathy to a foreign yoke. This attachment, originating in the nature of the country, supplies the place of all other ties; and though they have not the smallest idea of political freedom, yet as their princes seldom violate their customs, or the liberty of their persons, they cherish with enthusiasm the pride of immemorial independence, maintain the most inviolable attachment to their native kings, and would sooner die than swerve from their allegiance, or bear arms against them. The behaviour of the foreign nations who have successively invaded their island, has tended greatly to nourish these sentiments; and the cruelties of the Portuguese and Dutch have so exasperated them against all Europeans, that it will require much pains to reconcile their minds so far as that any confidence can be placed in them.

The possession of the interior might tend to the security of our dominion; and an improved mode of cultivation might make it capable of maintaining a much greater number of inhabitants; but these purposes may be as effectually attained by a friendly intercourse with the natives, as by a direct submission to our authority. Our government will doubtless avoid the error of the former European masters of Ceylon, who wasted unprofitably in vain attempts to subdue the natives that time and those resources which might have rendered this island one of the most valuable colonies in the world.

As I have already observed, the state of constant hostilities in which the Candians have so long continued with the Europeans, and the independence which their mountains enable them to maintain, have rendered the lines of their character more bold and prominent, while the subjection and tranquillity of the lowlanders have greatly softened the more rugged traits of their natural disposition. Although the Candians are governed with the most complete despotism, yet as their prejudices and customs

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are ſhared and reſpected by their monarchs, they are proud of being free from a foreign yoke, and ſlaves only to a maſter of their own race. They look upon the Cingleſe in our ſervice as a mean, deſpicable race, who barter their natural rights for peace and protection. The Candians in their appearance retain an air of haughtineſs and gravity; they are at the ſame time more courteous and polite, as well as more crafty and treacherous than their countrymen of the lowlands.

An ANECDOTE.

SOME time ſince, a perſon whoſe name was Friend, led the ſinging at the Rev. Mr. Brown's meeting-houſe, in Horſely-down:—Not being perfectly ſatisfied with his ſalary, he endeavoured to obtain an augmentation, which was refuſed; and ſhortly after the miniſter of the place ſelected for his text, Matt. xx. 13, 14:—"FRIEND, I do thee no wrong; didſt thou not agree with me for a penny? take that thine is, and go thy way," which the clerk immediately conceived was intended as a perſonal addreſs to him, and when the ſervice was over, hinted his ſuſpicions to an acquaintance; this perſon, however, not being of his opinion, adviſed him to ſpeak to Mr. Brown on the ſubject, who, on being queſtioned by him, poſitively denied any ſuch intention, and declared that he had not been perſonally in his mind, to his knowledge, during the whole of the diſcourſe.

The authenticity of the above circumſtance may be relied on, as it uſed to be related by Mr. Brown in company, on account of its ſingularity.

DESCRIPTION *of the* LIGAMENTS.

THE ligaments are next to bone and cartilage in the degree of rigidity, dryneſs, inſenſibility, and induration: they are white, tough, ſolid, and inflexible parts, which incloſe and unite the joints of the body. The ligament has not any ſenſibility, leſt it ſhould ſuffer from the action of the bones. Its principal uſe is to ſtrengthen the joints, and to prevent their diſlocation, and they are eſpecially important to the conſtitution of the frame, where to aſſiſt the effect no articulation is provided. The ligament alſo ſerves as a covering for the tendons, to ſeparate them from the muſcles, and to ſuſpend the entrails leſt they ſhould be too much depreſſed.

REFLECTION.

HAPPY is the man who diſtinguiſhes properly between rational religion and enthuſiaſm; who derives his comfort from a firm conviction of a ſuperintending providence, and a belief that an exemplary diſcharge of the duties of life is the ſureſt recommendation to the divine favour.

ORIGIN *of* JOHNSON's DICTIONARY.

THE celebrated dictionary of the Engliſh language, to which is prefixed the name of Dr. Samuel Johnſon, did not originate with him. He has indeed the credit of it, but it is rather an aſcribed credit, than a merited one. The hint came firſt from Lord Cheſterfield, who communicated it to Mr. R. Dodſley, the bookſeller, and explained his idea of giving the different ſignifications of words, by quotations from the beſt authors, arranged in the order of time.

Dodſley approved of the hint, and mentioned it to Dr. Campbell, author of the Lives of the Admirals, &c. But Campbell could not be brought to meddle with it, and Dodſley afterwards mentioned it to Mr. Garrick, by accident. Garrick liked the thought very much, and recommended his friend Johnſon to execute it. Johnſon at firſt was rather ſluggiſh about it, but Garrick preſſed it warmly to him, and promiſed to give him his utmoſt aſſiſtance.

Thus ſolicited Dr. Johnſon undertook it. Mr. Garrick was faithful to his promiſe: he furniſhed him with all or moſt of his dramatic quotations. Lord Cheſterfield furniſhed him with almoſt every thing from polite literature. Mr. Melmoth, the tranſlator of Pliny, did the ſame. Mr. Moore, author of the Fables for the Ladies; Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge, Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Horace Walpole, &c. &c. all contributed. So that Johnſon was very ably and amply ſupplied, although no acknowledgment was ever made of theſe aſſiſtances.

This account is taken from the port-folio of a man of letters, which appeared lately in the Monthly Magazine.

A QUESTION, *by Mathematicus.*

A Gentleman hath a pleaſure-ground in form of a plane triangle, whoſe three ſides meaſure 10, 8, and 6 chains reſpectively. Within this he intends making a pond, whoſe circumference ſhall touch each ſide of the △. Required the diameter and area of the ſaid pond; alſo the reſpective areas of each corner, formed by the ſaid pond within the triangle.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to R. Berry's Rebus, inſerted January 23.

SAPPHIRE, that ſhines with ſplendour bright,
Will ſurely bring your whole to light.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; Eliza Maria Courtenay, of Woodsford Caſtle, near Dorcheſter; Recluſe, of Awliſcomb; S. Phillips, of St. Stephen's in Brannell; R. Holwell, Thomas Whicker, W. Strong, and E. Moon, of Exeter; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. Lewis, of Poole; S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; and W. Mann, of Alhburton.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted January 23.

A COQUETTE is the ſubject of your theme;
I wiſh it may ſome gay coquette reclaim;

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. Lewis, of Poole; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Abbot.

A REBUS, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

AN heathen goddeſs firſt ſelect;
Then Flora's bow'r you'll next inſpect;
A foreign city, and a king:
My brother's name it then will bring.

A CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

MY firſt is a lay Chloe ſings with an air;
A dependence my ſecond will quickly declare;
Fair Phillis my whole is, whoſe muſical voice,
Makes the breaſt heave with love, and the heart to rejoice.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

WHEN autumn, with a lib'ral hand,
Deſcends on hill and plain,
And ſpreads her treaſures o'er the land,
You then my firſt my gain;

And when Pomona doth adorn
The fertile trees around;
Survey the briar and the thorn,
For there my next is found:

When blooming ſpring reſumes her pow'r,
And gayly decks the green,
My whole is in fair Flora's bow'r,
Which you'll deſcry I ween.

☞ *The long and well-written letter on the ſlavery of the Athenians is reluctantly declined, as we apprehend moſt of our readers are tired of a ſubject on which ſo much has been written as that of ſlavery.*

*** *O. Cromwell omitted to pay the poſtage of his letter.*

POETRY.

On SEEING *a* VESSEL SAIL.

By Mrs. LENOIR.

YON ſhip prepar'd the port to leave,
Her canvas ſwells, her anchors heave,
She courts the fav'ring gale:
Her jovial crew, her rudder's guide,
Wait but the ſlowly-riſing tide
To ſpread their vent'rous ſail.

O! wond'rous proof of bold deſign,
Of art that's only not divine,
Say whither art thou bound?
What barb'rous coaſt, what hoſtile ſhore,
What diſtant world wilt thou explore,
What unplough'd ocean ſound?

Whom doth thy ſpacious hold contain?
Sons, for whom mothers weep in vain,
The father torn from home;
(While ſiſters hope to ſtay the tears
Of their loſt parent's widow'd years,)
In thee, alas! may roam.

Some truant youth may there depart,
The ſov'reign of a virgin heart,
That beats for him alone;
Whoſe plighted vows of endleſs love
She never doubts will faithful prove,
Still judging from her own.

Tell not the fond, confiding maid,
How oft her truſt will be betray'd;
How oft the youth forſworn;
Wound not her unſuſpecting breaſt,
In fancy's ſweet illuſion bleſt,
And abſence may be borne.

Be thou, kind Heaven! the veſſel's guide,
For her the whelming waves divide,
The ſtormy winds controul;
Whether ſhe ſteer her devious way
To diſtant India's fervent day,
Or ſeek the frozen pole.

Yet doſt thou in thy wrath ordain,
That the fair fabric ne'er again
Shall bear her wand'rers home?
If giv'n up to greedy tides,
The ſtorm muſt rend her parting ſides,
And ruin be her doom.

Spare in thine ire her gallant crew;
Spare in their lives their children's too,
The mother, and the wife:
The troubled deep awhile aſſuage,
Speak and appeaſe the fearful rage
Of elemental ſtrife.

From fell Arabia's barren ſtrands,
Her ruthleſs ſons, her burning ſands,
The veſſel far convey;
Nor let the hapleſs crew be thrown
Where gen'rous pity is unknown,
Or monſters howl for prey.

Their tedious toils and travels o'er,
May Albion's ſnow-white cliffs once more
The weary wand'rers gain;
And each, his dangers at an end,
Recount them to the wond'ring friend,
With joy enhanc'd by pain.

SPRING.

LONG-WISHED ſpring, thy riſing dawn
Diſpels the ſtorm-fraught clouds away,
And ſoon with bland, enlivening beams
The ſun diffuſes brighter day.

'Twas late when mourn'd the leafleſs woods,
And dreary dread and ſilent all,
Except ſome headlong icicle
Againſt the rugged branches fall.

But now with tufted foliage clothed,
They bend majeſtic to the gale,
And o'er their wide o'er-arched ſhades
Reſound the ſtrain of Philomel.

The limpid ſtream, relentleſs graſp'd
In icy chains, again looks gay;
Sparkling from ſteep to ſteep deſcends,
Then, ſweetly murmuring, winds away.

And as adown the ſunny vale
The flower-enamell'd ſide it laves,
The primroſe views her image fair
Reflected in the glaſſy waves.

The ſhepherd boy, at eaſe reclin'd
On the tall mountain's airy brow,
Salutes with many a jocund tune
The lovely ſcene that lies below.

How

How ſoft the balmy zephyr breathes,
How blue the clear benignant ſky!
The varied landſcape ſmiles around,
Echoing with nought but ſounds of joy.

Nature exults beneath thy reign,
Delightful ſpring! inſpir'd by thee,
I dare, while lightly beats my heart,
T' invoke the power of poeſy.

B.

ODE *to* FRIENDSHIP.

OH! thou, renown'd in claſſic lore,
Whom ſages love and bards adore,
Accept my votive lays;
And grant me, ſoft in ſylvan bow'rs,
To grace thy ſainted ſhrine with flowers,
With garlands, and with bays.

For there in tranquil ſhades withdrawn,
Unſkill'd to cringe, unus'd to fawn,
Thy ſmile enchants the ſoul;
Where truth, ethereal ſeraph, reigns,
And peace, from courts expell'd, maintains
A ſoft, ſerene controul.

Where, form'd to raiſe, exalt the mind,
By virtue's chaſt'ning laws refin'd,
The muſe inſtinctive glows;
The muſe, where Petrarch 'plain'd and ſtray'd,
That grac'd with ſofteſt charms the ſhade,
And, liſt'ning, wept his woes.

'Tis thus, ordain'd o'er earth to riſe,
The ſoul her deſtin'd ſeat, the ſkies,
In proſpect fair ſurveys;
While peace extends her ſoft'ring arms,
And hope, with fairy hand, the charms
Of future bliſs pourtrays.

For me, each wayward paſſion laid,
Should fate in bow'r or leafy ſhade
My tranquil days aſſign;
Unmov'd by ſplendour's fading toys,
O! let me prove thine inmoſt joys,
And make thy raptures mine.

If haply doom'd to weep forlorn,
Diſtreſs ſhall blaſt my vernal morn,
In fancy pictur'd fair;
O! while the mental thunders roll,
O lift thy ſuppliant's wilder'd ſoul
To ſpurn each baneful care!

And deign, as ling'ring life expires,
To ſoothe, revive, her fleeting fires;
And calm her burſting ſighs;
Her hopes, appall'd in death, reſtore,
And when this heart ſhall throb no more,
Survive in ſofter ſkies.

T.

CARELESS TOM.

WITH careleſs Tom a weighty purſe,
Is often found a heavy curſe;
He neither reſts by day nor night,
Till he's contriv'd to make it light,
By purchaſing an hundred things,
Canes, nicknacks, baubles, watches, rings.
His purſe run out—to raiſe ſome caſh,
Tom inſtant ſells his tinſel—trafh—
At ſuch a loſs, that the poor ninny
Scarce gets three ſhillings in the guinea:
Yet ſuch his rage to buy, we're told,
Th' amount for which his baubles ſold,
He laid out, ere he reach'd his home,
On trifles at an auction-room.
Thus Tom, to buy and ſell, went on,
Till guineas, ſhillings—all were gone!

SONNET.

LET patriots preſs, with ardent courſe,
To baniſh ſlavery's iron reign,
And hail thoſe realms where public force
Has dar'd to break her galling chain.

Let freedom ſtill around be ſpread,
And deem'd the choiceſt gift of Heaven,
I'll court the ill which others dread,
And bleſs the chain which love has giv'n!

Slave to the fair who rules my ſoul,
Her charms ſhall ev'ry ſenſe controul,
Her will each thought ſhall bind;
I care not in what land I reſt,
If ſtill within Elina's breaſt
A dwelling-place I find.

CÆSARIO.

STANZAS *to a* RIVULET.

THY undulating waves now ſeem
Soft as the ſpring-tide of the year;
Yet, ah! thy fair pellucid ſtream
Has been ſupplied by ſorrow's tear!
But ſhould the empreſs of my breaſt,
Admire thy tranſient tide;
Do not deprive her ſoul of reſt,
By telling who—the ſtream ſupply'd!